continues: TE am losing a great deal in him. Why, Gide, I have already seen many sad things in my lifetime; but nothing has ever upset me like the look Carriere gave me the morning of the operation."

A little later I learn from Delvolve, the son-in-law, who sees Raymond Bonheur to the door, that the operation was terrible. "Too risky an operation/* says Raymond Bonheur somewhat later; a delicate discretion kept him from giving me the painful details: the tracheotomy, the paralysis of the left leg and of the tongue muscles; even after a fortnight the poor man only partially recovers the use of speech. You feel that Raymond Bonheur would prefer not to talk about these things that Delvolve, to whom, however, I am almost a stranger, relates. Never did the painful expression of Raymond Bonheur's face, never did the sad, sweet charm of that face seem to me so beautiful; and his hands shaking — I almost said stammering, like his voice—with emotion.

At Fontaine's. Paul Claudel, whom I have not seen in more than three years, is there. As a young man he looked like a nail; now he looks like a sledge-hammer. Not very high forehead, but rather wide; face without subtlety as if chiselled out; bull neck continued by the straight line of the head, through which passion can rush to flood the brain. Yes, I think this is the dominating impression: the head is of one piece with the body. I shall study him more fully next Tuesday (when he comes to lunch with us); I was a bit too concerned with defending myself and only half responded to his advances. He gives me the impression of a solidified cyclone. When he talks, it is as if something were released within him; he proceeds by sudden affirmations and maintains a hostile tone even when you share his opinion.

While I am talking with Fontaine, out of the corner of my ear I hear

him proclaiming his admiration for Baudelaire. Mithouard, tactlessly taking up the subject, speaks of Baudelaire's "health/* seeing in him above all a "healthy" genius. Must he for this reason give himself permission to admire him?

Poe and Baudelaire/ declares Paul Claudel with a sort of stifled rage, "are the only two modern critics." Then he praises, most intelligently, the critical intelligence of Baudelaire and Poe, but in terms so close to those recently used, on this very same subject, by Remy de Gourmont that I can hardly keep myself from pointing this out. But I am afraid, at the mere name of Gourmont, of provoking an explosion.

Claudel is wearing a little jacket that is too short and that makes him look even more thickset and lumpish. One's eyes are constantly drawn to and shocked by his necktie, a four-in-hand the color of a locust-bean,

After the reading, as I compare Francis Jammes's series*6f poems with Verlaine's *Sagesse,* Claudel at once declares that *UEglise*